

# RECTOR'S LOVE MESSAGES STOLEN FROM CHARLOTTE BY WOMAN'S TRICK

## Duped Girl Suffers Agony of Remorse Over Her Betrayal

Charlotte Mills's own story of her mother's strange romance presents an extraordinary example of loyalty and an understanding heart. She sympathizes with her mother's search for happiness, and defends the romance of the love-starved woman with the Rev. Edward Hall. In today's installment of her fascinating story, Miss Mills reveals the mystery of her mother's throbbing love letters to the Rev. Hall.



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## LOVE LETTERS AND HEARTACHES

A short time after mother and Mr. Hall were killed, in the autumn of 1922, people came to our house to hunt for the letters Mr. Hall had written mother. Those mother had written to him were scattered in torn bits over their dead bodies as they lay so carefully laid out side by side under the crabapple tree near "Lovers Lane." I believe that Mr. Hall had letters from her in his study, though mother had repeatedly begged him to put them elsewhere or destroy them.

The searchers turned up the rugs in the living room of our home, looked behind pictures on the walls, under mattresses, pillows and cushions, in bureau drawers, desks and closets. They couldn't find them.

A few minutes after they had gone I walked over to the wall where mother used to hang her coat—and there were the letters in a crocheted bag she had made, hanging from a hook, exactly as she had left them. It seemed strange that they were in such an unconcealed place, but there they were, scores of them in all.

### Couldn't Read Them

I carried them off upstairs, but I could not bring myself to the point of reading them. I felt I would have been doing wrong to pry into Mr. Hall's heart.

After a little I grew frightened at having them. I didn't know what I ought to do with them, or if I ought to do anything.

Vaguely I felt I ought to give them to the officials, but I could not. I kept wishing I could have buried them in the coffin with mother, they seemed so a part of her. I had a wild idea of going out some night to the cemetery where she lay and putting them in the ground near her, but I was afraid of being seen.

I hid them in my room, but couldn't get them out of my mind. I went to sleep each night worrying over them, and woke up with the thought that here was another day, and still I had done nothing about the letters.

### Planned to Burn Them

I longed to tell some one, but

there was no one to tell that I could trust. Father kept me strictly in the house, and I seldom even saw my aunts, except for a passing word when other people were around. I decided to burn the letters, but something seemed to hold me back from lighting the match.

About that time, among the many letters I got, was one from a woman, who said she was a lawyer and wanted to help me and wouldn't expect payment. She said she would come out to New Brunswick from New York and stay a while and study the case and advise me and assist me all she could. God knows, I needed help. I was so lonely and so desperate that I grasped at what seemed to promise aid and friendship. I wrote her and she came out.

She stayed at the house of a newspaperman and his wife, and if I had had any sense at all or any experience in such matters I might have been suspicious from that very fact. But I was absolutely ignorant, and too miserable to think anything out.

### Won Her Confidence

At first she was very nice, talked to me kindly and seemed sympathetic and understanding. She even helped me in certain ways, and I considered her a real friend. All too soon I found out my mistake. I learned she was not a lawyer, that the name she used was not her own but merely assumed, that she was— But I am getting ahead of my story.

One day I happened to say something about what was uppermost in my mind—mother's letters. The woman nearly jumped out of her skin with eagerness. She said if I would let her take them for a few days to read, it would greatly help in protecting me, and my mother's memory, if the case ever came to trial.

As I look back, I don't see how I could have been such a fool, but I loaned her the letters, feeling sure it was the best thing to do for all our sakes, for I wanted help and advice so desperately. I never longed for a confidante so much as in those bitter days.

Well, soon after that my aunt got a telephone call one day from some one who said that if she had wanted to "sell the love letters" he would pay a bigger price than anybody else, that he would sell to many papers, giving each one a few of the letters.

### Frantic Call

My aunt thought he was a madman at first, but when he made her understand that some of the letters had actually come out in print in a newspaper, she almost went crazy herself. She told him it was the first she had heard of any love letters—and she telephoned to me wildly, asking what it meant.

I rushed to her house, and to the day I die I shall never get over the agony of that hour! My mother's love letters in a newspaper! Mr. Hall's heart—mother's heart—laid bare for millions to read and gloat over! I can't write it—I believe the torture of that



Mrs. Eleanor Mills Rev. E. W. Hall

day was almost worse than what I felt when mother died. I felt worse than any criminal, worse than the worst betrayer. And all because of my stupidity and idiotic trust of that woman!

We telephoned desperately, imploring her to return the letters at

## Charity His Recreation; Judge Raises \$40,000

By NATHAN T. ZALINSKY

While his confreres and associates were spending their vacations in the mountains, at the seashore or in Europe, Judge Gustave Hartman of the City Court toiled on.

It wasn't handing out judgments to those who might come before



him, but rather, handing an appeal to all Jewry to contribute toward the upkeep of the Israel Orphan Asylum, the institution he founded.

As a result, the orphan home is some \$40,000 richer than it was a few months ago.

Telegrams are flooding the office of the judge from everywhere—from those who have heard of his never-ending loyalty to a cause which he has sponsored—congratulating him on his work. Judge Hartman spends all his spare time planning for the welfare of unfortunate children.

once. She said she would the next day, and she did. But it was all too late. The thing was done, and it was all my miserable wretched, heartbroken fault!

### Tricked in Finery

Soon afterwards, this woman came to me, and how different her appearance! Her plain-looking clothes were replaced by all sorts of finery—the profit of her moral treason. It sickened me to the core to realize her things had been bought by what she had got for my mother's letters.

The woman insisted on my accepting a check. This was the last straw. I hardly had voice enough to tell her that I was desperate enough without taking money for the horrible mistake I had made. "But I've got to give it to somebody," she said. "I'll make it out to your father. He is overburdened with debts. What's done is done. It won't make it any better to have false pride. I'll simply leave it, and he can tear it up if he likes."

### Sting of Conscience

Even this woman who had done us such a wrong evidently had some sort of conscience. She had stolen something and she wanted to make amends in some way. She couldn't erase what she had done and she felt that money was the only compensation she could offer.

I really was terribly sorry for dad. For years there had been one sickness in our family after another, and as soon as he struggled out from under one pile of bills something else would come along and he'd be swamped again. If it hadn't been for our misfortunes that way, father's salary of \$40 or so a week would have gone fairly far, but always there were the bills, and he got discouraged.

This new misfortune was none of his doing. It was nobody's fault but mine, and I buried my face and let the woman go without more words. There was nothing else to say.

What a heart-breaking fate for love letters! Mother's scattered over their two poor bodies; Mr. Hall's spread in the news sheets. And the horrible taint of money over all, unintentional as it was.

Tomorrow Charlotte Mills gives her views of love and marriage—views made doubly significant because of her mother's unfortunate marriage and subsequent romance with the Rev. Edward Hall. Read The GRAPHIC tomorrow.

## HOW TO EARN MONEY AT HOME

BY SARÁ SPENCE

I can make a very delicious beverage, but it is expensive, and the people whom I know cannot afford to buy it. Can you tell me how to get it on the market? VALIE.

Go to a high class grocer or a high class druggist—depending upon the nature of the beverage, of course—and tell him about it. If it has merit and is not so expensive that it could never be sold advantageously, he will take it and develop it for you.

Thank you for telling me how to sell my post cards. It is hard work, but I am making enough money to live on. Thank you again. AGATE.

Try to reproduce them yourself. Then you will be doing the work on a more commercial scale, and you will be making real money.

I am bottling and selling a dinner drink that is much appreciated. It takes the place of wine, and has not a particle of anything intoxicating. I thank you for suggesting a way to handle it. MARIE.

You can deliver it every day as milk is delivered, for the present. Then when you have money enough ahead, you can perhaps manufacture it. Keep it at its present state of purity and do not be tempted to add anything that would not be to your credit.

Will you please send me the addresses of "Margaret" and "Prosperous"? I think I could help them. I am another "Margaret".

I am so sorry that I am not allowed to send addresses. Would it not be a nice thing if "Prosperous" would run a little ad in the paper, just a couple of lines, to let us know where she is? It would cost only a few cents.

I want to take up play writing. Where can I learn it? LINA.

I do so wish I could have printed all of your excellent letter. There are regular schools of playwriting; also correspondence schools. A very good method, however, is to go to the theater as often as you can and study plays as you see them. That is the practical method.

I am a barber and I have spare time on my hands. I am artistic and would like to earn money in my spare time. WOODSIDE.

I would suggest that you take up wood carving. You probably have very delicate, clever hands. And you could soon acquire vast skill in that line. You might read a book called "The Wood Carver of Lynpus," a novel which would inspire you.

Will you kindly tell me how to become a personal secretary? Do such positions necessitate constant traveling. ETTA.

Take your credentials and go directly to the person whom you desire to work for. There is no reason why you should have to travel at all. All well-known professional men and women employ private secretaries, and few of them travel.

I am colored, but I am a stenographer. Can I get work in New York do you think? S. D.

Why not? Try colored real estate offices or white, if you prefer. They all need such young women as you. I don't think your color will be a detriment if you are quietly and neatly dressed. The day of prejudice has gone by.

I am gloriously happy over having found my niche in the world. I am making hooked rugs and, when I am tired, I braid rugs. I sell everything I make. I am doing a handsome old-fashioned table cover now and a hanging rug. M.

It is strange that more women do not go into rug-making. Rugs always sell well.

constantly. Personal application is essential, as a great deal depends upon your appearance. People want a quietly dressed, well spoken, efficient young man or woman for such a position. I am sure you would fill the bill.

I want to do typewriting at home. How can I get it? JAMAICA.

I had to abbreviate your excellent letter. Go at once to the big typewriter concerns and register your name. Write to all the authors you know or can get track of. Typewrite your letters, so that they can see how well you can write. That is the quickest way.

Mrs. Spence will answer questions on "How to Earn Money at Home." Tell her your situation, and she will gladly take up your special case and advise you. There is no charge and your name will not appear. Address Mrs. Sara Spence, The Evening GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place.

## The Graphic's School News Column

## Keeping Up With Parenthood

By DR. HENRY E. HEIN

If you are the proud owner of an automobile, probably one of your favorite readings is a copy of some such book as "Keeping Up With Your Car." If you are a radio fan, in all likelihood you have gone to the library for books on radio. Without doubt you subscribe to some



Dr. Henry E. Hein's radio magazine, or at least you read the radio notes in the newspapers.

When you first took up golf you eagerly listened to friends who recommended this or that book on the game. Even the auction bridge player does not neglect to read up on his favorite sport.

But, how about your more important "game?" That of playing papa and mama to that youngster of yours.

Have you taken that art as seriously as you do your automobilizing, your radio adjusting, your golf score, your card playing?

Do you spend more time investigating the best kind of fly to use for trout fishing than you do seeking the best method for training Junior?

All kinds of books, magazine articles, lectures on child training, are at hand for your guidance. Do you avail yourself of this aid? Or are you one of those who say: "My mother didn't need any help to bring me up. Why should I bother?"

Probably your mother would bother if she had to do the job now.

Your mother probably had you sleep in feather beds in a room with windows all closed. But you don't follow that custom with your children.

Wilhelm Bush, German wit, wrote:—

Vater werden ist nicht schwer;

Vater sein desto mehr.

Which may be translated:—

To become a father does not irk;

To be one is all the harder work.

## PARENT SUGGESTIONS

A very large fraction of your tax-dollar goes for EDUCATION. You are paying for the schools.

YOU own the schools. Whatever improves them makes for a bigger return on what you spend for them.

As a part-owner in the school business, YOU ought to be interested in them. Let us have YOUR suggestions for improving YOUR schools. Write a letter to the SCHOOL EDITOR, EVENING GRAPHIC, 25 CITY HALL PLACE, telling him how YOU think the schools might be improved. Every good suggestion will be printed.

## ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Rae Fishman: New York Evening High School for Women, Harlem Evening High School for Women, both in Manhattan; Williamsburg and Central Evening High School in Brooklyn teach cooking. I know of no school that teaches only vegetarian cooking.

C. M.: Answer appeared Monday's GRAPHIC.